Yankee Doings

Vol. VII Boston, Mass. Oct., 1926 No. 9

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Confections

Cigars

Cigarettes

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary and Editor*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

LAST CHANCE

Now's the time. Until 11.00 P.M. on November 11, it is possible to join the YD Club of Boston by paying one year's dues,—*without initiation fee.*

After that date it will cost just twice as much. Spread the good word and sign up the next YD man you meet.

REORGANIZATION

At a business meeting of the YD Club of Boston on September 30, the recommendation of the joint committee on reorganization was adopted.

If adopted by the Y. D. V. A. this means, as explained in last month's DOINGS, that men will be able to join the YD Veterans Association without becoming members of any YD Club.

In other words, the Association will cease to be an association of local chapters and become an association of individuals.

This should pave the way for a nation-wide membership.

The YD Club of Boston will continue to function exactly as heretofore and other local clubs may organize without the cumbersome necessity of obtaining a charter.

The contemplated change is really one of administration solely.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

FAITH JUSTIFIED

Through the generosity of New England people, under the leadership of the business men of Boston, sufficient funds were contributed, in 1920, to enable a Memorial club to be established and owned by the Yankee Division in Boston.

During the past six years many YD men have given valuable and sacrificing service as officials and on committees. The interest of General Edwards, General Sherburne and General Cole has been a strong factor. The club now stands at the height of its career.

President Carroll J. Swan has a Board of Directors backing him enthusiastically in all that he undertakes, to an extent that leads him to find the work inspiring.

Treasurer Ralph M. Eastman has unstintedly given the club the benefit of a banker's financial acumen. As a result his report shows, "All bills paid—with a substantial balance in the treasury."

There are several matters that appear worthy of special notice:

The steady increase in the number of men using the club.

The enthusiasm that is characteristic of the monthly "Smoke Talks."

The courtesy shown to guests and speakers.

The decorum of the members about the club is evidence that they want, and intend to have their club all that a gentleman's club should be.

The renovating of the auditorium is a good piece of work and reflects great credit on the Management.

Is there not a healthy psychology in cleanliness and light?

The club primarily exists as a memorial to the brave boys who gave their all—their lives, and for the purpose of fostering and keeping alive good fellowship and brotherly attachment among the comrades who by the Grace of God came back from "over there," and are now left to "carry on."

It is most gratifying to your Board of Trustees that the YD Club of Boston is so adequately fulfilling the purpose for which it was established. We congratulate you on what you have accomplished and extend our cordial best wishes that you may go forward to even higher achievements. As the years pass, may all "Buddies" find the YD Club their "HOME."

(Signed)
F. Nathaniel Perkins
James J. Phelan
Allan Forbes
Trustees

TYPICAL YD SERVICE

Editor YANKEE DOINGS:

The last day of the Legion Convention in Salem a paid up member of the Boston Club stood on the corner of a busy street and seeing HOWARD SANDERSON across the way, yelled out "SANDY!" Immediately two "SANDY'S" appeared—SANDERSON and PHIL SANBORN. If that isn't service, what is?

—R. M. E.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"Et tu, Brute!" "This is the most unkindest cut of all!"

* * * *

Emerging from long retirement from the scenes of verbal combat, Mr. Fuller P. Nard proceeds to take a sock at the editorial solar plexus. Not satisfied with rapping our humble opinion, he ventures in the frenzy of his poetic fervor to impugn our spotless character.

* * * *

Why this insistence that we are "all wet"? What of it? What has our normal or abnormal humidity got to do with debt cancellation? First, the distinguished public accountant of Washington, D.C.,—formerly of Medford Hillside, formerly of the 102nd Inf.,—vouchsafes the opinion that we are not dry. If we were sounding off in favor of prohibition, that point would be well enough. But on other subjects, a man's moisture content ought not to be held against him.

* * * *

Next comes this Nard guy, whose blithesome pen has ne'er before been dipped in the ink of malicious spite. Touching little ballads of canine funerals and feline combat have been the only songs of a noble mind filled with sweetness and light. Now with rancor born of long solitude he takes a slam at his best friend, the one who has ushered the children of his brain, both good and bad, out into the light of day.

* * * *

We dare not accuse him of plagiarism. What poet ever sought inspiration in the words of a C. P. A.? Yet the accusing voice cries in poetry as in prose,—"You're all wet." Our poet goes further. He gloats over the loathsome details. He accuses your editor of being so very, very wet that he wanted to pay the French debt himself.

* * * *

Base perjurer! Vile ingrate! Yes, we were in Quebec. And now that the truth must be known, a certain Fuller P. Nard was with us there. We were instrumental in eventually removing him, in a comatose state, from seven different cafes and assuring the authorities that it was poetic temperament.

* * * *

One word in closing. We do not remember offering to pay the French debt. Perhaps we did. But we do remember Fuller's offering a waiter to buy the city of Quebec and give it back to France. Since the debate has been taken from the field of finance into the arena of temperance, we rest our case.

DOINGS DITTIES

By Fuller P. Nard

Our Editor's a kindly cuss;
He's so uncanny generous
One hesitates to raise a fuss—
  But this time he's all wet.
It seems he flivvered to Quebec,
Took treatment for the inner neck,
And out of gratitude, by heck,
  He cancels France's Debt.

I quite *compree* old Sandy's mood,
And yet I venture to intrude
To term his technique rather crude:
  He's careless with our wealth.
I move we send him to Paree,
Provide one shot of *eau de vie*—
And ere the same is *tout fini*
  He'll pay the Debt himself.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Enclosed please find my money order of one dollar for membership in the YD Club. Some Buddie evidently thought to brighten things up by sending the YANKEE DOINGS to my old home address which was forwarded to me by my mother and as I have looked it over, decided that although I am a non-resident still I'd like to think I am on the pay-roll. Used to live right around the corner from the club on Blackwood St., but never gave it much thought. But having moved away decided that it's time to act and so here I am ready to go on duty. If I can be of any help to you, just send out the order and I'll do my best. Would like a Button for the lapel; if extra just let me know.

Fraternally yours,

Springfield, Mass. M. E. BAKER
October 5

YD CLUB OF PORTLAND

The annual picnic of members with their families was held at Old Falls, Me., on Sunday, Sept. 12. The weather was perfect and of course made the playing of the many games much more enjoyable. Mrs. Worthy and Mrs. Morrill, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, proved to be stars of the ball game. The score was 12-10 in favor of Capt. PERCY R. W. WITHAM'S nine. An unusually good dinner was served by the Auxiliary and the afternoon was spent in rest and games.

Past President CHARLES BLANCHARD was in Portland the first of September: he now makes his home in Bristol, Conn.

We are making a drive for new members and have already signed up quite a number. All looks good now for a bigger and a better YD Club!

It is planned to hold next year's outing at Bald Head Cliff and we'll look forward to a good old-fashioned clam bake.

—"KEAT"

MORE ON THE DEBT

Congressman A. Piatt Andrew, a member of the American Legion, a subscriber to YANKEE DOINGS, and staunch friend of France, has consented to answer a questionnaire on the subject of the debt settlement for DOINGS readers. Mr. Andrew has made a thorough study of the subject and offers facts which merit consideration.

1. Approximately, what is the *principal* amount of the French war debt to this country?

The government of the United States loaned to the government of France—

Before the Armistice,	$1,970,000,000.
After the Armistice,	$1,370,000,000.
Total	$3,340,000,000.

The loans "after the Armistice" include $400,000,000 for A. E. F. materials and supplies of all sorts and in all conditions of preservation, which we could not bring back. These supplies were listed on our books as having cost much more, but the French government experienced a heavy loss from their resale, as the United States government did from the sale of left-over supplies in this country. However, the obligation incurred for the purchase of the A. E. F. supplies has always been regarded by the French government as a "commercial debt" peculiarly binding.

2. Was the entire amount loaned after the United States entry into the war?

The government of the United States had never made any loan to a foreign government before our entry in the World War.

After we declared war in April, 1917, it at once became evident that we were quite unprepared, and could not be ready for a year or more, to take an effective part on the front. All of the leading spokesmen of both parties in both Houses of Congress agreed in recognizing this fact, and in advocating the extension of credits to our partners in the war in order that they might "fight our battles until we were prepared to fight those battles ourselves" (Congressman Madden). The Act authorizing these loans was passed with little debate within a fortnight after our declaration of war. It was fourteen months later, in June 1918, that our troops in substantial numbers began participation in battle. In the intervening period, France lost 270,000 killed, and over half a million wounded.

3. Is there an agreement at the present time which has been approved by each country, and if so what, briefly, are the terms?

4. Are they being carried out?

When the advances were made, no bonds were issued. The French Ambassador simply gave receipts for the credits extended in the form of demand notes, or notes of short maturity. In form they promised to pay on demand or after ninety days or six months, but neither borrowers nor lenders, being partners in a life and death struggle for a common cause, haggled over the terms or considered them as binding.

When after the Armistice the French government agreed to purchase the surplus war supplies of the A. E. F., a more deliberate contract was made, by which France was to pay $400,000,000 in 1929, and to pay 5% interest thereon, or $20,000,000 yearly during the intervening period. The terms of this agreement have been regularly met. The French government has paid to the United States Treasury on this account approximately $122,000,000. In addition, the French government has paid on the "cash advance" account approximately $194,000,000. In all, France has thus paid to the United States in round numbers $316,000,000, but this does not cover more than a portion of the interest reckoned at 5 per cent upon the original debt of $3,340,000,000. The United States today therefore claims a debt already increased to $4,025,000,000, and as compound interest is being charged, the debt is increasing at the rate of nearly $600,000 daily.

Various attempts have been made to arrange a general settlement of these war-time debts. Three successive French Ambassadors, Jusserand, Daeschner and Berenger, have wrestled with the problem. For this purpose, the French government sent the Parmentier mission in 1922, the Caillaux mission in 1925, and Berenger and his experts in 1926.

An agreement was signed last Spring by Secretary Mellon, and the French Ambassador Berenger, by which France was to repay during the next sixty-two years $6,850,000,000, an amount considerably more than double that which was originally borrowed. Under this arrangement, we are to recover the principal of the loans plus $3,500,000,000 of interest, regardless of whether or not France recovers the reparations promised by Germany, or whether or not her economic safety is thereby imperilled.

Because of the absence of such a "safety clause," this agreement has not been ratified by either of the French houses of parliament. It was ratified by our House of Representatives but was not debated in our Senate.

5. Was the entire amount used for war expenditures?

The French government spent in the United States for war supplies much more than the amount advanced by our government. Advances made after the Armistice were largely to meet unfulfilled contracts with American producers for such supplies. The Act authorizing the loans named their only object as "for the purpose of more effectually providing for the (our) national security and defense, and prosecuting the (our) war."

6. Is there any evidence that the loans were made with the idea that they were to be a part of the United States contribution to the prosecution of the war?

Many of the spokesmen in Congress when the loans were authorized expressed complete indifference as to whether or not they were ever repaid. Numerous quotations to this effect can be found in a speech which I delivered in Congress on January 13th of this year. I can here cite only a few.

Mr. Fitzgerald of New York (Democrat) Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee at the time, said, "I have little sympathy with the suggestion that possibly we will not get our money back. I care not so much if we do."

Mr. Madden of Illinois, the present (Republican) chairman of that Committee said at that time, "I would not care whether they were repaid or not."

Senator Kenyon of Iowa said, "I never want to see this government ask France to return the loan which we may make to her." Many like citations could be quoted from political leaders at the time.

Mr. Jusserand, the then French Ambassador to this country, through whom these advances were made, offers the following testimony:

"When it was perceived how great grew the danger of the war being lost and how long it would be before American military help of any magnitude would be forthcoming, the amplest and most generous offers of funds were made us, and we were told not to worry about the future. A movement had been set on foot in a truly noble spirit by the New York World for the presentation of $1,000,000,000 as a gift to France, and Ambassador Page was writing to his brother: 'A gift of $1,000,000,000 to France will fix Franco-American history all right for several centuries. Push it through.'

"We were, however, advised, in such a way that we could not dissent, not to encourage the proposition, and were assured that we would have no cause for regret. Much more money, as much as we would ever need, would be at our disposal; we need not trouble about interest, and as for repayments, they would be easily arranged in the future."

7. If the French debt be cancelled, should not the debts of the other Allied nations be cancelled, also?

In my judgment a general revision of all war debts is inevitable,—not only of the interallied debts, but of German reparations as well. The United States, with the possible exception of Japan, is the only country participating in the war which grew richer and more prosperous in consequence of it. Yet the United States has the distinction of being the only country to dun and badger its war partners for a settlement. France loaned to Belgium $600,000,000 during the war and is in far greater need of payment than we are, yet she has not asked and probably never will ask Belgium to repay. We loaned Belgium less than a third as much, $171,000,000. Yet we alone of all Belgium's creditors have pressed her for repayment.

This policy in my judgment travesties the great generous heart of the American people. It is inconceivable that for sixty-two years,—for forty years after our own internal war debt has been extinguished, and long after most of the men who fought the war have returned to dust and ashes,—our grandchildren and great grandchildren will be demanding from the great grandchildren of our World War partners three or four hundred million dollars yearly to cover the war expenses of 1917 and 1918.

Thrift, we all recognize, is an admirable virtue, but the fundamental and enduring ideal of America has nothing in common with the spirit of old Scrooge.

8. How would you answer this argument? France spent the borrowed money largely on this country. Therefore, some say we have already received it back. But how about payment for the goods she received?

It is true of course that France got from us shells, guns, uniforms, food and other necessaries of war with the proceeds of our loans. It is also true that she was charged war-time prices for them, prices which yielded our workers the highest wages they had ever received, our farmers the largest prices they had ever known for their products, and our manufacturers of iron and steel and munitions, returns which enormously enriched them. It is also true that during this time France furnished the men who used these supplies in doing our fighting. She lost in fact about as great a number in killed as made up our whole vast expeditionary forces.

—A. Piatt Andrew

THE SOUL OF JEAN d'ARC

Where parting from her only boy
The tear-stained mother stood;
Where tears unbidden sprang to eyes
Too seldom in that mood;
By camp and dock, by candlelight;
By arc lights burning bright
Where tramped the nation's vanguard
Into the Future's night,
There glowed as from a distant star,
There shone across the dark
The courage that called from the skies—
The soul of Jean d' Arc.

Along the shell torn highway,
Across the blood stained wheat,
Among the splintered tree trunks,
Along the ruined street,
Where weariness was anguish,
Where cold and hunger came
To sap high-hearted courage
And take away the flame,
There hovered o'er the plodders
And those grim figures stark
Something beyond the present
From the soul of Jean d' Arc.

Above the wheat of Belleau,
Along the bank of Meuse,
Wherever men have striven
And known the call that stirs;
Where sleep our brave forever
Where thought of comrade turns,
Where History holds its vigil
And its light forever burns,
Tread softly ground so hallowed,
Forget the franc and mark,
Perchance the light may touch you
From the soul of Jean d' Arc.

—T. W. Roose
(52nd Inf. Brig. Hdqtrs.)

COMMUTATIONS AND RATIONS

By Philip N. Sanborn

First of all was the sneaky get-away from Boston. Uncle Sam never learned about *40 hommes et 8 chevaux*. He insisted on wasting day coaches on his O. D. pilgrims. It was too much. We expected Pullmans. We expected less later. A parade of singing sergeants who had spent the evening in drowning their regrets at leaving home banished slumber at about 2 a. m. The ration consisted of two sandwiches and an orange.

In England they had a way of their own. No wonder the English are great walkers. Their railway coaches are wonderful schools of pedestrian propaganda. Toilet facilities there are—at the stations. The stops are made between stations. The air is wonderful—outside; but the windows are nailed up and sealed. There is plenty of heat in cold weather,—in the locomotive boiler. The packs and barrack bags had a good ride. The men were also among those present. The rations? Oh yes; the Tommies on the ship gave each man a lunch to take ashore. We laid it on the car floor, opened the door and let it walk out.

In France they do things better. Good roomy box cars. Plenty of space and all of it occupied. On the trip from le Havre to the Division area, we enacted one of the minor roles of the great drama,—that of a mattress. But we provided a good night's rest for a jovial and portly ordnance sergeant. A soft coal fire in a salvaged G. I. can kept us from freezing but caused the first gas casualty of the regiment. We brought him around in the morning by dropping him out of the door at the first stop and pouring a canteen of water down his neck. During the day, it was not so bad. That is, for the sergeant and three corporals who had seats on bully-beef boxes in front of the door. The rest of us saw France by proxy and in fragments.

Our first move in trucks came the day after Christmas. The ground was white. The moon was full. We were not. The kitchen had gone out of business and packed up after noon mess and this was ten at night. About eight of us stayed behind as a baggage detail and rode to the new town on top of the last load. Perched upon and clinging to a mountain of barrack bags, we flew along high above the wintry landscape. A bird named "Wicker" had one of those 1917 colds. We see him yet, huddled between two blue denim bags, battered and greasy campaign hat perched above a knit helmet, coat collar up, eyes and nose running, his face a picture of miserable resignation.

Our next trip was a record breaker. Everything was all set to shatter the *chemin de fer* speed laws. They even bugled us out of bed at 4.00 a. m. to get started before the rush hours. A two mile slide down hill in a wet snowstorm got us aboard the cars at 5.00 o'clock. The high command noticed at that moment that the guerre was moving along fairly well without us. The train commenced to move at 1.30 that afternoon. We don't remember what, if anything, the others had for chow. We bought a petrified sausage from which we whittled a few chips as the different mess times passed by.

One trip we recall as *tres bon*. In August when the Division moved down into the Chatillon area. The night was warm. Two of us had been elected valets to one of the mule wagons aboard a flat car. Two canvas stretchers provided comfortable bunks on the floor under the wagon, and the next morning we trundled along through the bright sunshine of the Cote-d' Or perched in the driver's seat. But when the train halted and the box cars disgorged their load of cramped and suffering humanity! The ride we got then eclipsed all others!

On Christmas Day, 1918, the President decided he would like to give us a once-over. Up at 2.00 a.m. Santa Claus had been delayed. Our stockings were empty and wet. Boiled corn meal and karo syrup set our nerves tingling with the delight of a new day. Merry Christmas? God help the bird that dared utter the words. A truck ride of some 60 kilometres helped digest the heavy breakfast. The Commander-in-Chief beheld us,—above the knees. Parts below submerged in yellow mud. A sandwich apiece, a canteen of water and the pride of the occasion warmed our hearts and distended our stomachs.

Back in the U. S. The triumphal entrance of the conquering heroes. The trip from Commonwealth Pier to Devens via the six New England states. Home-made cake and fudge tossed in the windows by the flag-waving mob at each platform. Them was the days! The army had figured on the generosity of the populace and parked the field-kitchen in moth balls. Nothing like efficiency.

One more lap brings us to the end of the trail. Back from Boston to Devens the night of the parade. Temperature around zero,—no overcoats. Our marching packs carried one blanket for ballast, to keep us from floating away. It was scant protection from the winds of New England's coldest March night. The flat-foot squad in the barracks had good fires roaring, and sitting there with toasting dogs and burning cheeks we let the trials and discomforts of the many, many journeys slowly melt out of our systems and evaporate into thin air.

But even at that, we had to wait until morning for chow.

APOLOGIES

This number of DOINGS isn't quite up to the recent standard. This will save you the trouble of writing in to tell us so.

Last month over 20,000 copies were sent out, one to every YD man whose address is known. It made quite a nick in the bank roll. So the smaller size of this number is partly in the nature of retrenchment.

On the other hand some of our contributors in Oshkosh, Pugwash and Skowhegan have parked their fountain pens. News are scarce. You write it and we'll print it.

In one important department this month has it all over last,—the advertising end. Look 'em over.

CONGRATULATIONS

Lieut. LEO J. M. CONWAY (101st Inf.) and Miss Florice Violet Evans were married in Great Barrington, Mass., on Friday, September the seventeenth.

Cicero, Illinois, got too wild for HARRY G. NEITZEL so he took unto himself a wife and they are now living in Chicago at 2748 So. Tripp Ave.

TAPS

On Sept. 13, 1926, WILLIAM HERRMANN (Co. D, 101st Eng.), 411 E. 87th St., New York City, was drowned in Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Helen Wharton, sister of CORNELIUS WHARTON (103d Ambulance Co.) passed away on Sept. 6. Miss Wharton was very active in war work and was a member of Brookline Post, A. L. Auxiliary.

HIAWATHA—1926 MODEL

By a Straphanger

Hear the legend of the hunter,
Of the first of *Instant Postum*,
He who lived in Minnesota,
Ere Accountant, Banker, Merchant,
Yet he learnt the ways of Commerce.
In the *Prophylactic* forest.
On the shores of *Coco-Cola*
Dwelt the *Moxies* in their wigwams;
Old *Sapolio* the chieftain,
Pebeco, the grizzled prophet,
And the warriors, young and eager.

In the lodge of the old chieftain,
With *Uneeda*, more than mother,
And *Victrola*, old and feeble
Lived the warmest of the maidens,—
Mustarole, *Sapolio's* daughter,
Mustarole, the *Sunkist Chiclet*.
All the young men sought her favor,
Left their trophies at her wigwam,
Brought her *Thermos* skins for raiment,
Brought her *Tarvia* for ointment;
And sweet *Mustarole* smiled on them,
Smiled on *Vaseline* and *Tintex*,
Smiled on *Listerine* and *Valspar*,
Smiled, but left them unrequited,
For her love she gave to no one.

Then from *Multibestos* mountains,
From the hike of the *Texaco*,
Came the young Chief, *Instant Postum*.
Mightiest hunter in the forest,
All superb in strength and beauty!
He it was who trapped the *Kodak*,
He who shot the great *Sears-Roebuck*,
Shot him with his swift *Pierce-Arrow*;
Eversharp his trusty *Hatchet*,
Every arrow-head a *Hot-Point*.

On him gazed the *Moxie* Maidens;
Nujol poured her glowing glances,
Bold *Carbona* sought to win him,
Topkis brought him cakes and honey;
But for *Mustarole* yearned *Postum*,
No *Pyrene* could quench the ardor
That she kindled in his bosom.

Through the fields of ripe *Wheatena*,
Thro' the *Shredded Wheat* they wandered,
To the *White Rock* by the river,
By the rippling *Cuticura*.
There beneath *Palm Olive* shadows,
From the boughs she picked the *Grape Nuts*,
There they saw the sun descending.

Nought cared *Postum* for the night winds
Blowing through the *Holeproof* forest,
Mustarole was there beside him!
To his bosom quick he drew her.
Held her to his manly bosom,
Whispered words of love a-burning,
Told her how he'd caught the *Seal-Pax*,
Told her how he'd slain Bull *Durham*,
Told her how he'd trapped *Ampico*.
Boasted of his father's tepee
With its sides of *Mentholatum*
And its wings of soft *Socony*.

To him *Mustarole* a-quiver,
Listened and her heart gave answer!
All the warmth of love she gave him,
Gave her *Rubberset* affection,
Gave her heart to *Instant Postum*.
Thus he wooed her, thus he won her.

Passed the years in quick succession,
Small *Post Toasties* came to bless them,—
Triplets, *B. V. D.*, *Gold Dust Twins*,
Little *Beechnut*, *Wrigley Spearmint*,
Vici Kid and *Pluto Water*;
These and other little *Toasties*
Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

"Every man give one day's pay"

CHURCH SCHEME APPROVED

On October 8, the Battle Monuments Commission gave its approval to the scheme of rebuilding the village church at Belleau as a Memorial to the 26th Division.

If carried out, this will be the first memorial of its kind in France and the members of the Commission were wholeheartedly in favor of the idea.

102nd M. G. BATTALION IN THE LEAD

Editor of Yankee Doings:

According to the Memorial Fund standing in September YANKEE DOINGS, our Battalion ranks first of the 21 units. Co. A has contributed and pledged more than each of the other companies—therefore we head the list again. Let us retain the position of honor each month.

ARTHUR C. HAVLIN
(102nd M. G. Bn.)

Division Headquarters Troop	$1,177.50
101st Infantry	893.46
Field Artillery	1,588.75
Field Hospital	34.00
Trench Mortar	25.00
Supply Train	77.00
Sanitary Train	88.50
Field Signal Battalion	142.00
Tr. Hdq. & M. P.	113.00
Machine Gun Battalion	286.29
M. O. R. S.	9.00
Engineers	1,463.70
Ammunition Train	325.00
102d Infantry	629.53
Field Artillery	1,193.25
Field Hospital	28.00
Machine Gun Battalion	514.80
Ambulance	23.00
103d Infantry	656.20
Field Artillery	941.50
Field Hospital	30.00
Machine Gun Battalion	151.00
Ambulance	143.00
104th Infantry	710.40
Field Hospital	50.50
Ambulance	25.00
51st Artillery Brigade	468.00
Infantry Brigade	32.33
52d Infantry Brigade	8.40
Miscellaneous	819.54
TOTAL CASH	$12,647.65
PLEDGES	4,908.35
	$17,556.00

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

CASH	PLEDGES
Arthur S. Waldron	Leroy Deshong
Wm. McGinnis	Albert P. Hansen
Edwin E. McConnell	Wm. C. Smith
Emerson G. Taylor	Dr. James A. Lyon
Nelson W. McCormick	Thos. E. Frazier
Cliff Whitton	R. H. Choat
E. E. Hatch	Chas. H. Morse
Martin F. Gazette	Ralph W. Sibley
R. F. Olson	Edward Brochee
Carl A. Stearns	T. G. Merrill
John P. Byrne	J. E. Collins
H. R. Hanna	Brackett Parsons
Walter F. Ohneck	Charles E. Hogan
John Swan	C. E. Connors
Raymond S. Chace	R. E. Miller
Harry E. Horn	Charles H. Cook
F. A. Spooner	Eugene G. Ricard
Joseph St. Amand	Frank L. Carey
Chas. J. Nikon	Daniel Neal
James S. Dailey	Paul Aiken
Howard C. Leslie	John A. Condon
Gustav Gunderson	William I. Hart
Samuel H. Johnson	L. J. Matthews
George F. O'Brien	Harry I. Emmons
Ralph Harney	Walter J. Kanz
Stanley Eykey	Victor M. Davis
E. J. Ferguson	F. A. Spooner
Eugene A. Hamilton	William J. Brown
	H. W. Hersum
	Eugene A. Hamilton

THE BELLEAU CHURCH

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

It is difficult for me to understand why the suggestion of having the YD Overseas Memorial take the form of rebuilding the old church at Belleau should not appeal to all as a unique and fitting memorial. The reasons as given in the last YANKEE DOINGS bring out the points in favor of this plan very clearly.

However fitting and appropriate this plan may be, objection to it is almost certain to come from those who are swayed by religious narrow-mindedness. It is with the purpose of appealing to that broad-minded tolerance which marked our religious contacts in France that I write, most heartily endorsing the plan. The fact that the blood of seven generations of Scotch Presbyterian ministers runs in the writer's veins did not keep him from having a close and lasting spiritual and practical fellowship with Father John B. de Valles and Father William Farrell, and he would hate to see any difference in form of faith prevent the adoption of the proposed memorial.

Penn Yan, N. Y.
October 5

Sincerely yours,
REV. C. K. IMBRIE

MAINE LEGION CONVENTION

Among those of the 103d we saw at the Brunswick Convention of the Legion was EARL HOBBS (Hdqtrs. Co. Band). Also ALFRED L. TARDY of Livermore Falls. We all remember Alfred as "Al" Greenlaw's right hand man. Alfred is now cable foreman for the telephone company.

EARL SANBORN (M. G. Co.), formerly of Franklin, N. H., and now of Cleveland, Ohio, and Postmaster DANA ROUNDS (M. G. Co.) of Hill, N. H., together with their wives were on a camping trip. They made Brunswick their first stop in time for the Convention. Earl is Office Manager for the P. A. Geier Electrical Co., of Cleveland.

COL. GREENLAW was elected National Committeeman, having attended every National Convention of the Legion in that capacity since the Legion was organized. This is a distinction which has never been accorded any other man in the United States.

A lobster barbecue (1600 of 'em. Count 'em—1600) was served on Wednesday and as usual "JIM" MCMAHON was the winner of the endurance tests. WILFRED BUDREAU and BILL JONES were good seconds with WALTER LESSARD bringing up in the rear.

Lt. PERRY B. HENDRICKS, of Omaha, has been east recently; the first time since the war. CHARLES R. CABOT and HARRY BLISS entertained him and they had a small sized reunion in Boston.

CAPT. BOB MILAN was a recent Boston visitor. The Captain is from St. Augustine, Florida, where he is interested in a large development in that vicinity.

WILLIAM A. SAVAGE (Hdqtrs. Co.) writes that he is still laid up with a broken leg which he received last January. Bill would be glad to have any of his old friends call and see him any time they are passing through Milford, N. H.

ANDREW JACKSON writes that he is located at Concord, N. H., with the Democratic State Committee for the Campaign. (Another good man gone wrong.) He states that he has been back to Liffol-le-Grand twice since the war, not to mention a side trip to Russia. —E. K. H.

YD BOWLING LEAGUE

I have not delved into history to find the beginning of this great pastime. Nor have I sat up nights pondering over the mysteries of why in time that last pin on the first ball didn't fall on, instead of Charlestoning back and forth trying to come up the alley to shake hands with me.

History doesn't speak of Adam having an alley in his paradise, nor do I remember of not having one on the ark.

My first recollection of the art was in a backwoods country where the balls were so large it took two men to start one down the alley.

Bowling. One may take the word in many ways; for example, a good many of us have bowled out of French cafes in the past, but thanks to Mr. Volstead, we now bowl in the YD League.

For those who don't know about the game we will list below some helpful rules:

1st—Be sure to wear new shoes without rubber heels.
2nd—Wear shirt with sleeves six inches too long.
3rd—Smoke Marksman cigars.
4th—Wear sharpshooter's medal.
5th—Don't wear wrap leggins.
6th—Send your name to Charlie Welsh care Club.

If you are subject to having hard luck in the game, see any muleskinner. They can give you some magic words to use, which may bring your vocabulary up to normal in case it was neglected when you were young, also helpful when you miss a good spare.

REMEMBER—Friday, Oct. 22, we have our roll-off. The regular season starting the following Friday.

Don't miss the roll off.

JOINT COMMITTEE MEETING

Committees representing the Yankee Division Veterans Association and the YD Club of Boston met at the Boston City Club on Friday, September 3, 1926, for the purpose of bringing in recommendations for proposed changes in membership fees, membership zoning, etc., in the two organizations.

The following members were present: MESSRS. SWAN, EASTMAN, A. DAY, TICKNOR, BLAKE, SNYDER. MR. SANBORN and COL. KEVILLE advised the secretary of their inability to be present.

On a motion made and seconded it was VOTED: That MR. RALPH EASTMAN serve as chairman of this Committee.

On a motion made and seconded, it was VOTED: That MR. WILLIAM SNYDER serve as Secretary of this Committee.

After considerable informal discussion was had, it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the following recommendations be presented to the President of the Y.D.V.A. and the President of the YD Club of Boston.

RECOMMENDED THAT:

Outside of fifteen miles from the State House, Boston, Mass., the YD Club of Boston sever all connections with the Yankee Division Veterans Association; that membership dues in the Yankee Division Veterans Association be $1.00 per year; that membership in the YD Club of Boston be $2.00 per year.

RECOMMENDED:

That within the resident membership area (fifteen miles from the State House, Boston) the YD Club sever all connections with the Yankee Division Veterans Association. That dues in the YD Club of Boston be $5.00 per year, this including membership in the Y.D.V.A.; that dues in the Y.D.V.A. be $1.00 per year; that the YD Club of Boston pay the Yankee Division Veterans Association $1.00 per man for a minimum of 600 resident members per annum, and THAT the Yankee Division Veterans Association pay the YD Club of Boston $50.00 per month for the use of Club equipment, clerical help, etc.

The committee having finished the business for which the meeting was called, moved, seconded and VOTED that the meeting adjourn, and the committee disband.

—WILLIAM SNYDER, *Secretary*

"THE BATTLE OF CAMP COTTON" EL PASO, TEXAS

Much is written of the battles in France, but to the writer's knowledge, scant recognition is given that glorious battle of Camp Cotton, and before I pass out of the vale of tears, I for one, would like to know just the reason for the celebration.

It was on a Sunday evening, everything was quiet and some of us "total abstainers" had retired for the night, when suddenly the silence was punctured by shattering salvos of rifle fire. The fires were extinguished, the men called back from the delights of El Paso, and ghostly columns began forming in company streets. Orders were issued in hushed voices, men were dressed in all sorts of uniforms, equipment clanked and the roll was called.

Finally, after what it seemed hours, orders came to proceed out into the mesa toward Juarez, where we went into skirmish lines and lay down awaiting the enemy. Officers moved up and down the lines speaking in hushed tones to wait for the order to fire. In front of us we could see line after line of men in the same position as we. Here we lay for about an hour and then the order was given to re-form and we marched back to our quarters. Nothing was said, and we stacked arms in the company street, went to bed completely dressed, ready for any emergency. No more shots were fired.

The next morning the facts were about. Seems the old 9th was on border patrol up around the Texas Oil Wells, and whether they saw the whole Mexican army advancing or whether they had indulged in too much Angelica wine, no one ever ascertained, but anyway, they opened fire, and as the border was semi-circular and they were on the extreme end, their shots came tearing through our tents and creating havoc in general. Fortunately, no one was injured aside from a generous gathering of punctured bodies from the ever-present cactus, which was abundant. Will some former member of the old 9th enlighten us just what they were shooting at. This is a momentous question as many arguments have arisen, but the few fellows of the old 9th that have been approached have promptly slid a blank expression over their features and expressed ignorance. But it happened, as I was there. —"DIABLO"

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS YD CLUB OF BOSTON

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held at the Boston City Club on Wednesday, September 8, 1926. The meeting was called to order at 12.30 p.m. with President Swan in the chair. The following members were present: Messrs. Swan, Eastman, Ticknor, Osborn, W. Day, Sanderson A. Day, Brown and Snyder. Mr. Philip N. Sanborn, Secretary, Y. D. V. A., and Mr. Hugh Brinkley, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, were also present.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting which were accepted.

The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of $5,171.56 with no outstanding bills.

Mr. William Brown, reporting for the committee appointed to bring in recommendations for changes in Life Membership fees, recommended that Life Membership dues in the Club be reduced to $100.00 and that from this Life Membership fund the Life Members' dues be paid to the Treasurer annually.

On a motion made and seconded, it was VOTED: that the above mentioned recommendations be brought before the next meeting of the Club for action.

Mr. A. Day was appointed a committee of one to bring in recommendations and prices for shades and draperies for the windows in the assembly hall.

The question of installing a hot water heater in the men's room was taken up. After some discussion it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the matter be tabled.

The Secretary then read a report from the Committee appointed for the purpose of bringing in recommendations for proposed changes in membership fees, zoning, etc., in the YD Club of Boston and the Yankee Division Veterans Association. It was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the above mentioned report be read to the members at the next meeting of the Club.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Osborn, W. Day and Snyder was appointed to purchase a canvas covering for the assembly hall.

Col. Osborn was appointed a committee of one to confer with Mr. Foote regarding the loan of a moving picture booth.

It was then decided that the next Smoker of the Club be held on the 23d of September and that the "Behind the Front" films be shown. This being the evening of the Dempsey-Tunney fight it was decided that a radio be set up in the hall to receive accounts of the fight.

It was then moved, seconded and VOTED: that recommendation be made before the next meeting of the Club to extend the suspension of the initiation fee until November 1, 1926.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the meeting adjourn.

Adjournment taken at 2.00 P. M.

—WILLIAM SNYDER, *Secretary*.

WE'RE OFF!

The first smoker of the fall season of 1926, on the night of September 30, found Memorial Hall packed to the walls.

It's getting so if you expect a good seat,— or any seat at all,—you have to show up early.

Motion pictures were again the order of the evening, the film being that classic of war-time comedies, "Behind the Front." It packed a good many hearty laughs.

Two songs rendered by JOHN M. DENNIHAN (Hdqts. Co., 102nd F. A.) with MONTE BROWN at the piano, drew forth applause that had to be silenced by Carroll Swan before the meeting could proceed. Dennihan is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and is a teacher of voice.

Following the showing of the film, the members were pleasantly surprised at the presentation of Lieut. NICHOLAS STANKOVICH of the Serbian Army.

Lieut. STANKOVICH is not yet 21 years of age, yet he served his country in the field in Macedonia from 1917 until the close of the war, enlisting at the age of 12. He is a member of the American Legion and is said to be the youngest member inthe entire organization.

Born of generations of military men, he persuaded his father, a colonel, to allow him to join the colors. He later saw his father killed in action. He was promoted to the rank of corporal by a prince of the realm whom he had halted in business-like fashion while on sentry duty.

He closed his address which was delivered in faultless English by warning his hearers of the danger in the spread of pacifist propaganda in this country. Throughout he displayed a most remarkable poise and self-possession for a lad of twenty speaking in a foreign tongue.

Memorial Hall was in gala attire for the smoker, the new scheme of interior decoration, new lighting effects, and new seats offering visible signs of the Club's growth and prosperity.

The usual refreshments were served, including plenty of soft drinks donated by the Coca-Cola Company.

A. P. O. 709

GEORGE H. E. HANLON (Co. B. 101st Engrs.) formerly of 122 Madison Ave., Perth Amboy, N. J., has joined the Florida gang and is now located in Big Pine with The Ocean Leather Co. He guarantees to give his buddies "fishing with a kick in it" if they will only look him up. During the summer Hanlon was visited by IRWIN BELLOWS (Medical Unit, 101st Ammunition Train) who was going to start a Shark Fishing Station at the Virgin Islands.

On Sept. 26 MORRIS E. DOOLAN (102d M. G. Bn.), Rutland, Vt., was elected Vermont Chairman of the 102d M. G. Bn. Reunion Association.

Miss Frances A. Gray of Middletown Springs, Vt., has subscribed to YANKEE DOINGS. Miss Gray, who is Postmistress there, lost a brother at Verdun and she wishes to keep in touch with Division activities.

MAURICE C. WALKER (Co. E, 103d Inf.) Box 283, Lebanon, N. H., has sent in a new member—JOHN A. DUSTIN (Co. E, 103d Inf.) Plymouth, N. H. John who has been an invalid since the war would like to hear from his old pals.

E. M. WHEELWRIGHT (Bat. A and Hdqrs. Co., 101st F. A.) is now a member of the cotton firm of John F. Whitney & Co., 34 Merchants Row, Boston.

Brig.-Gen. RICHARD K. HALE, who commanded the 51st artillery brigade and was retired under the five years service law for ground officers, has been placed on the retired list of the M. N. G. with the rank of major-general. Col. E. F. FISH, who commanded the 101st field artillery, has been promoted to the command of the 51st artillery brigade with rank of brigadier-general. Lt.-Col. NEEDHAM takes command of the 101st artillery with rank of Colonel. Brig.-Gen. FOLEY, commanding the 52d brigade, has been directed to report to the Army War College, Washington, D. C., on Nov. 10, as a student for the G-4 course.

THINK IT OVER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

"The most popular Champion we have ever had." And so is Gene Tunney, the fighting Marine, acclaimed by the world at large. He is an ex-service man and has lived a clean and wholesome life in anticipation of the greatest effort his skill would be put to when he engaged with the heavyweight champion for the title. We cannot claim him as our own as he was a member of that in-between outfit, the Marines. By so being he upholds the glory of many a bitter conflict that historic outfit has fought. We greet him as a comrade-in-arms as a man who typifies the spirit of the A. E. F. which shall never die.

But in greeting the new champion let us not forget the old. Jack Dempsey was and is a much maligned man. In full justice to him let us give him an even break. We must, and all reasonable men will agree, take into consideration the ironclad contract by which he was bound to his manager, Jack Kearns. He was Kearn's meal ticket and you may rest assured that Kearns was going to zealously guard him. I will wager that if the fact were known that Dempsey, as every other red-blooded man did, wanted to go but that his contract and Kearns kept him out.

Dempsey is too much of a man to say this, but we sincerely trust some day the truth will be known. He does not say much but lets Kearns do the talking, at which he is very proficient, but behind Dempsey's silence there is anexplanation which is bound to come out at some future date.

Therefore in passing sentence let us be a little charitable.

—"DIABLO"

ZERO HOUR!

November 11, at 11 p. m.

See First Page

SPREAD THE NEWS

GET A MEMBER

LAST CALL!

OFFSHOOTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

"H-er COMP."

On Sunday, Sept. 12, members of H Company attended the funeral of MICHAEL ALBANESE of the Flaherty Post, East Boston. Father Boucher came up from his parish in Fall River.

The first meeting of the season was held on Sept. 22, many important matters being discussed.

The next Smoker will be held in the YD Memorial Hall on October 21.

JIM POWERS and BILLY HAIGH are the latest members to join both the YD Club and the YD Post, A. L.

Don't forget the annual banquet which will be held on Armistice Eve, Nov. 10. The annual memorial mass will be held the following Sunday. —E. H. C.

COMPANY A, 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

"I have *never* (with a fist thru the table) had such a good time," said HARRY RODD of the trip to Rutland, Vermont. We all agree. We could devote this whole issue to Harry—his golf clubs, thousands of men, Babbitt, not-a-cent, freight yards, town jug, the lost voice, and so on,—57 varieties during as many hours.

The reunion of Sept. 24-26th was crammed with good fellowship—no fatigue details, shelling, nor reveille. No one was killed or completely drowned. The mere mention of a few incidents will suffice to recall the best reunion ever. BARON BEAN slept during supper at Brattleboro, in the bus; MAX GEORGE was a successful conductor, so he says; GEO. BENTLEY nearly shot himself with a Roman candle; of course CARL REED was present with his smile and camera; JOHN SANBORN, by rank a Lt. Col., qualified as a real "Buck"; BERNIE BAGWELL wouldn't let HAROLD CHICK go to bed; LARRY LAMBERT got into the wrong pew; EDDIE COLLINS told us how he didn't win the war; STEW JOHNSTON couldn't start an argument on Seicheprey; MATTY BOYLE took charge of the card tournament; FRANK HITCHCOCK got lost in the rain; HAROLD MACKAY performed at the football game; BUCK FREEMAN showed the pro's how indoor golf; and ART HAVLIN kept on the right side of the Chief of Police.

From Vermont appeared SLOPPSY COCKLIN who worked hard as chairman assisted by MUGGSY DOOLAN and TOM CUMMINGS; MOSES CERASOLI for some known reason missed the banquet; SLIM LOSEBY and TOM ROBERTS held conferences on the front steps; JOE COLOMB found the chorus meant "No, No—"; BUCK WEAVER must be deaf—didn't hear us eating soup at Brattleboro; OLIVER ST. PETER rattled the dogs as of yore; HORACE HINCKLEY was busy celebrating his daughter's first birthday—incidentally named Marcia for the Marcheville fray; CHARLIE REED stuck after he looked over the gang; CHARLIE GLEASON and EMMY GOKEY were again on hand; TILLY FRANZONI and PORKY QUINN haven't lost any weight. These "A" men were all present—31 of 'em—sixteen sang "I'm from Iowa but came from Mass." This was a Battalion Reunion but Co. A had twice as many men present as all the other companies added together. Figure that out on your slide rule—then try this.

MUGGSY DOOLAN was elected chairman of next year's Marcheville anniversary, unanimously voted to be again held in Rutland. May we never wear out their hospitality.

The bus ride, bowling, the luncheon by the Auxiliary, football game, fireworks, parade with the bulldog, the banquet, and no responsibilities—all will live in our memories till the next reunion.

—A. C. H.

104th INFANTRY

SPRINGFIELD UNIT

October 8, 9 and 10—Reunion of old second regiment infantry officers at the summer home of a former commander, 104th Infantry, Major General WILLIAM C. HAYES, at Becket, Mass.

On looking over the old crowd I saw a number of the 104th warriors. First Sgt. JAMES H. FOREN, Machine Gun Co. had full charge of the kitchen including the K. P.'s who, by the way, were officers detailed for that work by roster each day. I guess Sgt. Jim didn't have his chance to get even with some of the officers. His old Captain, E. R. BURGER, had charge of the roster, but at that Sgt. Jim kept him moving most of the time. Sgt. BILL FOREST, Co. B, was an invited guest. I should have said Lt. FOREST, Q. M. C., Organized Reserve. Well, he is a good sport and will forgive me if I stepped off with the wrong foot. Colonel LAMB, of the 103d Inf., was there, making the trip from Hartford, Conn. General HAYES seemed to be having a good time as he had his old smile while watching the officers enjoying themselves.

The 104th men in the western part of the State would like to see someone interest themselves and write a little news of the regiment in the eastern part of the State or from any part of the United States.

Saw Supply Sgt. EVERETT L. COLDWELL, Co. K, this summer at Camp Devens. He is a Captain in the 419th Infantry, Organized Reserve.

Capt. ARCHIE MURRAY, Co. A of Worcester, was there. He carried around a pair of gold oak leaves. He was attached to the 419th Infantry.

Do you remember Sgt. CHARLES SOUTHGATE, of L Co.? Well, he is a 1st Lt., 419th Infantry. He was doing his stuff up at Camp Devens also. Lt. E. A. STROMWELL, G Co., is now a Captain in H Co., 419th Infantry.

You should have seen Eddy handle the mules. He's good.

Sgt. HARRY AVERY, Co. B, was there as a 2d Lt. M. P., attached for training.

Pvt. CONSTANTINOS CHRISTODOULOU, Co. C, has recently been in the Merchant Marine service, and has been to Cuba, to England and other foreign ports, returning to New Orleans, and arrived back in Springfield about October 1st.

Cpl. EDWARD J. SHEEHAN, Co. K, was in town the other day. He is in line for Chief of Police of Westfield, Mass., but I neglected to ask him how many were ahead of him. I guess it must be practically the entire force.

Cpl. GEORGE A. FOX was seen at the 104th National Guard circus held in September at the Armory. He had the same old smile, but you should see him. I don't like the word fat myself, but, well, he's fat, that's all. Sure, he's married. Has one recruit.

Cpl. GUSTAF G. LINDSTROM, Co. K, was hustling up Main Street not long ago and stopped to pass the time of day. Say, but he's persistent. He is an insurance agent. I never knew he could talk so fast.

Heard from FRANK J. MCCANN, Co. K, last week. He is in Southbridge. Not feeling just right. Drop him a line of good cheer.

I guess we all remember PATRICK MEEHAN, Co. G. Well, he looks just the same as he did the day he came back from his visit in Germany, in 1918. I was talking with him a few weeks ago.

ROMEO SAWYER, Co. D, was in town a few days ago. He is still living in Holyoke.

GEORGE J. CARNEY, Co. G, was seen on Main St., October 2d. The first time in a long time, George. What kept you?

BILLY NORTON, Co. B, was seen coming out of the City Hall. Guess he was in to pay his respects to the tax collector.

Sgt. VICTOR GAGNON, Medical Detachment, has moved his auto supply store across the street where he can expand his business. Same old Vic. Not room enough or action enough after he has been in one place for any length of time.

How would you like to have been with Major THOMAS J. HAMMOND last month? Over in Pompierre and other places familiar to us all.

MERCIL J. LADOUCER, Co. D of Holyoke, must have had a fine time over there. Did you see the pictures in the newspapers he took of Harrieville, Sartes and a number of other places? I guess he could make an evening very interesting for the old crowd.

What is being done about placing a monument on Apremont Triangle, Springfield, Mass.? We don't hear anything about it now.

The executive committee has a memorandum book full of business. When is the next meeting?

What has happened to the mural painting? We are all interested. Keep us posted through YANKEE DOINGS.

LT. EDWIN DUDLEY MARTIN, Hdqrs. Co., was in town about a month ago. He called but I was out of town.

Saw my old friend, Pvt. THERRIEN, Co. D, Holyoke, October 7th. He has a hard job. Just driving around an auto, that's all.

Saw ALPHONSE DEMERS, Co. E, on the street. He still lives in Worcester, but was here visiting his brother.

Lt. THOMAS P. SHEA, Co. M and Co. D, elected Commander Post No. 2, American Legion, October 7th. Atta boy, Tom.

Cpl. RAYMOND LAFEAVER, Co. K, is in the auto business now. Drives a mean looking car, too.

Supply Sgt. ROBERT SPENGLER, Co. K, is in the chicken business in East Longmeadow, Mass. Good luck to you, Sergeant.

Mess Sgt. ARTHUR FALES, Machine Gun Co., had full charge of the eats at a Field Day held October 10th, at the Rifle Range. He has the reputation of being the best Mess Sgt. in the A. E. F. The battles of Harrieville, Pompierre, and Sartes, were fought all over again,—the gang had a great time.

Received a letter from Captain MAURICE LACEAU, French Army, Paris, France. He would like to be remembered to all the men who knew him, especially the 3d Battalion.

Also received a letter from J. F. LENHARD, Paris, France. You will remember him as one of the interpreters. He is in the tailoring business in Paris. Should any of you go to Paris he would be delighted to have you call. Address, 4 Ville De LaMartinique, Parc des Prince.

The old spirit of being first seems to be lagging, at least the standing in regard to the contributions for the 26th Division monument in France would indicate as much. Why not send your bit in now and boost our standing? Doesn't look very well for our old outfit. What's the matter?

—G. A. R.

M. G. COMPANY

September DOINGS received. I am afraid Joe Vaughn, Texas, must be raising h— by now because the 104th has no news. If that d— storm had only blown more, I might have got a ride to Joe's city on one of these portable roofs we have here. A lot of the machine gunners have the desire to get down to see Joe but it is some hike and vice versa with reunions.

I lived in a top floor apartment and only the roof went some blocks. We lost even the laths on the ceilings. Hugh Mackay's bungalow went flat but no one was hurt.

A lad named Berard may be south yet, but I haven't seen him for some time and don't know his address.

Charlie Southgate and Bill Forrest could help Elliott on the column if they would. However, perhaps the war is over. Tom Shea would be a great help too.

Will make good my pledge in a few weeks.

—JAMES W. ARMESON

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

It has just come to my mind that I neglected last June to put in the following notice: the first of the month Chaplain JOHN H. CREIGHTON made a trip from his home in Peoria, Illinois, to Los Angeles where he was given the degree of D. D. Congratulations, Padre.

CLIFFORD H. "TED" HARRIS, who lives at 176 Woodlawn St., Springfield, Mass., is New England representative for the Fort Howard Paper Co., headquarters of which are at Green Bay, Wisconsin.

MAX MILLER is married, has a boy and is living at 17 West 112th St., New York City.

One night some weeks ago, at a dance in Verona, N. J., JIM NEEFUS ran across BETTLES, who is married and still lives at New Rochelle, N. Y.

—G. W. T.

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

The Fourth Annual Reunion of the 102d F. A. was held at the old Camp Grounds at Boxford on Sunday, Sept. 12, 1926. It was an enjoyable day in every way. The gang arrived early and by the time the "eats" were served there were 325 present.

During the morning they were several sporting events, results as follow: 75 yard dash, first, GOVE, box of cigars; second, LONERGAN, bay rum. 50 yard backward race for qualified men won by DORIANE, dozen lemons; second HARTMAN, a pencil; shot put won by GOVE, money belt; second, HAMILTON, gallon of lemonade; three-legged race won by LONERGAN and HARTMAN, cigarette case and Waterman pen; ball game won by second battalion, prize Bavarian skull, to be won three years running.

At one o'clock the following dinner was served:

Clam Chowder
Roast Sirloin of Beef
Mixed Pickles — Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Green Corn — Dinner Rolls
Assorted Ice Cream
Lady Fingers — Macaroons
Hot Coffee

Prayer was offered by our Chaplain, REV. M. W. STACKPOLE, and GEORGE LANGDON of Bat. A acted as toastmaster introducing the following speakers:

COL. M. E. LOCKE, COL. JOHN F. J. HERBERT, CONGRESSMAN BILLY CONNERY and our own Little Corporal, WM. T. MCGINNIS, State Commander of The American Legion.

J. P. LANE catered for the dinner.

The committees in charge: JOHN SHEEHAN, president; JOHN BOOTH, secretary and JAMES DUGAN, treasurer; publicity, CHARLES MORSE and GEORGE LANGDON; sports, WILLIAM A. MENZIE, JOSEPH LONERGAN and WILLIAM DONOVAN; refreshments, JOSEPH DALEY, WILLIAM A. MENZIE and WILLIAM DONOVAN; banquet, JAMES BANNON, HARTLEY CALVERT and JOSEPH GOYETTE; speaking, JOHN MAHONEY and JOSEPH DALEY.

The Clancy twins of Lowell gave a four-round boxing exhibition and TOMMY KLOBY CORCORAN was in the corner of one of the boys.

There was a baseball game between the first and second battalions, won by the latter. The score was 5 to 4. PETER COUPIE of Worcester pitched for the winners and PAUL SAWYER of Haverhill for the losers.

The old Band under RUSSELL was just as good as ever. It isn't necessary to say any more.

This wasn't a dry reunion.

COL. LOCKE came all the way from Camp Knox, but next year he won't have to make such a trip as he is now located at the Army Base. He is the first YD regimental commander to come to the First Corps Area as a staff officer and we sure do weclome him.

BILLY CONNERY made his speech in his own way and the gang sure made it known that they liked it.

JOHN SIMPKINS had the "History" under his wing and is making great progress. He hopes to go to print soon.

DOC BUEHLER came over from New York as usual. He hasn't missed yet.

CAPT. MORSE of Battery A made his first appearance at a reunion but promised that it wouldn't be his last.

RUSSELL BROWN of F was another stranger. He came down from Franklin, N. H.

The Overseas Memorial is still going rather slowly altho' quite a number of pledges came in at the reunion. I know that everyone means to contribute but I wish they would send in the pledges to me at Box 387, Boston, Mass.

Headquarters Company is organizing a Veterans Ass'n. under the direction of F. W. FOSS. He would appreciate the names and addresses of any Hdq. Co. men. Send them to him care the YD Club, 200 Huntington Ave.

The committees in charge of the reunion worked mighty hard and with the aid of the weather man gave us a great day. We go to Worcester next year and look to B and E for just as good a party.

We appreciate the honor of having one of our own as State Commander of the Legion. BILL MCGINNIS is the second commander the 102d F. A. has given this state. COL. HERBERT being the first, but BILL is the first enlisted man to be state commander in this state and one of the first in the country. You can't keep a good man down.

Judging from all reports it will soon be necessary to organize the Sons and Daughters of the 102d.

—"SANDY"

ENGINEER ENTRIES

C COMPANY

This is evidently moving month. GUY RICHARDSON has left West Virginia, and is now at 75 Pratt St., Hartford, still in the fire insurance game.

GEORGE MORISON has left Springfield and has gone into the carbon paper business for himself in Boston. He now lives at 11 Field Road, Arlington.

JOHN ALVITI is nearby at 4 Hawthorne St., Somerville, where he would be pleased to receive personal or professional calls. STANLEY MUNSEY has given up the drug business in Portsmouth, N. H., and has returned to Boston.

ANDREW PUNG is the proud and happy father of Miss Pung, name unknown.

The Company history is going strong. If you happen to run across any snapshots taken of the old crowd or any of the places we visited which would be of any interest to any one, send them to Norman Carter at the YD Club, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston. They will be made good use of, handled carefully and returned to you.

The sympathy of all C men goes out to CHARLIE MOBERG in the loss of his mother recently.

News item extraordinary—read carefully and ponder! ART WALDRON has enlisted in Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, Massachusetts National Guard.

How's this for news and a story? Thundering hoofs, a cloud of dust, and who stamps his way into the YD Club but Earle R. Kent! After an AWOL in New York since the war, he arrived in Boston to do the town up in regular Paris and New York style. But not alone. He was looking for Co. C men to help him. He found our blond friend ZOLLINGER at the Club but by midnight Zoll found he needed assistance. So he called on H. E. SMITH who by the way had retired, but answered the call and helped out for a few hours, when the meeting was adjourned until Saturday afternoon. Earle was a little fortunate Saturday for more C men had turned out to welcome him—ZOLLINGER, LINDELL (who by the way is home for a short visit from Hollywood where he is in the movie game), CONNELLY, and H. E. SMITH. Needless to say, after glancing at these names, you can see he was royally entertained. When he left Sunday to go back to the wide open quiet spaces of N. Y., he had voted Co. C as the best in France not even excepting the Provost Guard in Paris with whom he served eight months. They made him a sergeant after they had found him running around loose in Paris without a pass. One look and they decided they wanted him as a friend and not as an enemy. Come again, Kent. We will have a band out next time with Bill Harris in the lead.

SUMMY BOYLE with his wife and daughter are spending a few days in Boston.

While in Boston EARLE KENT put his name down on the dotted line as a member of YD Club of Boston.

A large number of C men are active in the new YD Post of the Legion at the YD Club, chief among them being NORMAN CARTER to whom the Department Headquarters recently awarded a citation of honor for his remarkable work on behalf of the Post.

Another C man who has just put his name down as a member of the Club is H. E. Smith.

Of the three hundred and fifty-three men who served in C, some one hundred still live in or near Boston. Of this number only a small number are members of the Club. Remember this is not only our memorial in Boston but is the storehouse of much that the Division holds dear, and the only rallying place for the men of the Division—a Division home where the out-of-town visitor can get in touch with his old friends. Just now the two objects that we are driving at to bring the men of the Division nearer together are a drive for members of the Boston Club and a drive for a substantial contribution from each man of the Division for the YD Overseas Memorial. Thus we hope to put in permanent form the ideals for which our Division stood. If you haven't come across on both propositions here's your opportunity to finish the job to which you put your hand in 1917. You didn't fall down then. Don't do it now. Let's GO—Now. —C. W. H.

D COMPANY

GUY MESSENGER has a recruit for D Co. He arrived July 26th which was his father's birthday, and is named Guy, Junior. Guy (Senior) is now on a business trip through Detroit and Chicago.

ALLAN MILLIKEN was in town last month, but while we heard of a number of places he called, have not seen anyone that really met him. Understand he is making a large success of the real estate business in St. Petersburg, Fla.

JOHN J. MCCARTHY is an Assistant Professor in New York University.

KEN MORROW is taking his vacation in Pennsylvania and plans to look up any of the old crowd in that state. Ken has been married four years and has a year old son.

There is no chance of any old "D" man getting put in the Hoose Gow in Norwood as ED. FEENEY is now a member of Norwood's Finest.

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Quite a number of our Norwood buddies are in wrong with their better halves. They all attended an outing of the Legion on the Cape and some one of the Norwood fair sex reported that when she ran across them their actions were not those of young men who had been quenching their thirst with only clam broth.

We want news, write a letter to Edward F. Walker, 10 State St., Boston, and tell how the world is using you.

—E. F. W.

E COMPANY

On October 7th at 8 P. M. the company presented a page from our history telling of CECIL FOGG'S end at Chateau-Thierry, to the Cecil Fogg Post of the American Legion in Hyde Park. The meeting was held at the Municipal Building there. FRED CAMPBELL was in charge of the detail and CHET THOMAS acted as his first assistant.

Speaking of CHET, he lives at 839 Belmont St., Waverley, and is in the Inside, Ornamental, Stucco and Plastering game as a contractor, got married right after the war and has one son; belongs to the YD Club, Boston, and the American Legion. He's getting heavy in weight, though not in spirits.

PORTER CHASE, our first and well-loved Major, sleeps at 317 Auburndale Ave., Auburndale, and keeps the office of the Adjutant General of the State in the running at Room 259, the State House, Boston. As a side line, he's Divisional Adjutant of the new YD. He has three young girls who call him "Daddy." He's the clubbiest of our members so far, as he belongs to the YD Club, our Vet. Ass'n, the American Legion, the V. F. W. and the Military Order of the World War, the Military Order of Foreign Wars, and the Society of Military Engineers. He's Secretary of the M. O. of Foreign Wars. There's a record to shoot at! He reports his health as never better though his speed is somewhat reduced by the passing years. Long may he wave, God bless him!

All the way from Shreveport, Louisiana, 2511 Highland Avenue, to be exact, comes the good word from BILL CHISHOLM—some of you may have known him as Leftenant Chisholm—who claims he is now a geologist and engineer for the Roxana Petroleum Corp., where he has been since 1919 when he kidded Fred T. Ley Co., of Springfield, out of three months' pay after he got out of the Army. He sees a YD man occasionally down "thar." Says the main recreation is fishing, with a little duck hunting now and then. He became a blushing benedict in 1920 and has three daughters. He belongs to the Legion. Being 'way down there, Bill, you ought to belong to the YD Club and get YANKEE DOINGS. One dollar snapped in right away will bring it to you till next April and from then on the same amount per year will do the trick. Congratulations on being Historian of the Lowe-McFarland Post No. 14 of Shreveport. He boasts that it is the third largest Post in the U. S., having 1100 members. 'S all right, but watch the YD Post grow! His health was never better so we suppose it must be "Bully, bully, damn fine." He says the weather down there in July and August is so enervating that it would take one of Schlotterer's guard-mounts to get pep into anything. Besides Bill's service record, we received a nice long letter from him.

—R. M. E.

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"Well," said the Irishman, "you see those prairie-dogs' holes out there (pointing to a distant prairie-dog town), how do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around?"

"I don't know," said the Englishman. "That is your question; answer it yourself."

"They begin at the bottom and dig up."

"How in thunder do they get at the bottom?" inquired the Englishman.

"That's your question," said the Irishman. "Answer it yourself."

The Englishman bought the tickets.

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